

THE POST.

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At Lebanon, Ky., By  
W. W. Fack.

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Port's Corner.



For the Lebanon Post.

Beauty and Virtue.

When wept in sorrow, I am usually said,  
Two beautiful young maidens, one by one,  
Adorned with the virtues which I had each best,  
In vestments of beauty, and of modest dress.

BEAUTY.

The first, which was beauty, truly called,  
Adorned with the virtues which I had each best,  
Her mantle had the richest purple and gold,  
And gems, yes, the richest, I trust, I had held.

While around her fair temples were rich flowing curls,  
Entwined with bright flowers, and the loveliest pearls;  
She seemed as sweet Venus—'t was not to be told,  
But mortals all bowed as the fair maid passed by.

VIRTUE.

And then came bright Virtue, adorned with grace,  
Which shined from her forehead, in every place;  
Her spirit was pure as the essence of love,  
That flows through the ether in regions above.

Her soul beam'd as kindly and bright through her eyes,  
As the sun ever shown from his azure-lined skies,  
Her words flow'd so softly when'er they were given,  
They fell on the soul like accents from Heaven.

My soul all in rapture, was fill'd with the sight,  
Of this lovely, fair maiden with innocent right;  
And let us pass'd where the Angels had met,  
They, with admiration, bow'd low at her feet.

Baltimore, Oct. 1852. WILMINGTON.

Select Tales.

The Fate of a Drunkard.

BY DICKENS.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He arose and looked around him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there was no sign of any one save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He had inquired of the other lodgers, and of the neighbors, but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face, among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to the garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no traces of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At last he gave up the pursuit as hopeless, and long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door. Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under arches in brick fields—anywhere where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But, in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sank down on a door-step, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time he had a home, a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise up from the grave and stand about him—so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks, that he had long forgotten, were fixed upon him, once more; voices, long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty—the few passers by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. The heavy chill again struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear—the glass was at his lips—the board was covered with rich food—they were before him, he could see them all—he had but to reach his hand and take them—and the thought the illusion was

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reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops as they pattered on the stones; and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air; he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan! Another! His senses were leaving him—half formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that out-casts like himself, condemned to wander day and night, in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that led from the commencement of Waterloo bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as a patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was hushed, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there was distinctly audible to the ears. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings? Life, life, in any form: poverty, misery, starvation, anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's bank, the lights on the bridge under which the current had borne him, the black water and the fast flying clouds were distinctly visible—once more he sank and again he rose—bright flames of fire shot from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, whilst the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with the furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave—there it has long since mouldered away.

"Spectability am Eberyting!"

A very readable novel, entitled *Clifton* has lately made its appearance, in which the author happily illustrates, by way of dialogue, a few of the leading peculiarities, of "called pussions of 'spectibility." The following is an extract:

"If you please, Colonel Miller," said the overseer, "Pilot wants to marry Phillis."

"Is her mother willing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him to me."

"Mr. Clifton, we will now visit the cotton-gin."

"Do you raise cotton, too?"

"O, yes, a dozen acres."

"They approached a frame building in which there were immense quantities of cotton, some of it prepared and ready for market, while a large amount had only been removed from the boll."

"The cotton-gin is almost indispensable. How did you ever do with out it?"

"The process of extracting the seeds was slow and laborious. We are under great obligations to the inventor of the machine; without it we could not supply the world with cotton."

"Well, Pilot, what do you want?"

The question was addressed to a powerful negro, that stood awkwardly twirling his hat, as he cast furtive glances at his master.

"Speak out, fellow; you have not been guilty of any misconduct, have you?"

"No, no, massa, only Ise fall'n in lub wid Mr. Phillis."

"And you want to marry her?"

"If you please, massa, I should like to be united to her in matrimony."

"Will you make her a kind and affectionate husband?"

"Sartin, massa; I will shiel her from de winds ob heaben."

"Very well, then, marry her. But recollect, if you do not treat her kindly, I will sell you."

"Nebber fear, massa!"

And the happy fellow walked off with stately dignity for a few steps; and then, unable to restrain his feelings, he exclaimed: "Phillis am mine!"—and then followed those feats by which an African indicates his pleasure. He throw himself upon the ground, and rolling over several times, he at last sprang up, and rapidly turned several somersets. He finished his demonstration by throwing his arms around a negro who was leaning upon a post, and squeezed him against the timber with such violence that he fairly writhed with pain.

"Slaves rarely make cruel husbands," observed Colonel Miller; "but it is well, nevertheless, to keep them under a wholesome restraint."

The Southern negroes, we are given to understand in Clifton, are very "aristocratic" in their feelings and notions. Those who belong to wealthy individuals, successful politicians, distinguished officers, and public persons, hold themselves apart from the colored fraternity whom they consider less fortunate. The fact is well illustrated in the following passage:

"They have a mortal aversion to any one who is poverty stricken, whether he is white or black. It is the prominent feature in the negro character. I have often been amused by the conversation of my slaves, when they thought my attention directed to something else. Hark! we will hear it illustrated now:

"Ise tell you what, Sambo, you've been wid Miss Tucker quite long 'nuff; you knows berry well dat her massa am extricably involved in det, and still you pay her 'tention."

"You mus' confess, Dinah, dat de gal am brutiful!"

"And 'spose she am, what den? Does dat make her massa rich, consequently, 'spectable? You out to be old 'nuff to know dat 'spectibility am eberyting in dis world, and who can hab dat widout money?"

"But de gal ain't to blem 'case he massa am 'bliged to mortgage all his plunder."

"It am her misfortin', and misfortunat individuals mus' 'sociate togedder. Dey can't 'spect the hairistoerisy to elevate dem."

"But I seed you, Dinah, conversing wid Tom White, de lorrier's man."

"And 'spose you did? don't he b'long to our set? Don't his massa praetize at de bar-room? You arn't acquainted wid no nollin', Sambo; you are a monstruss ignorant nigger. Can't you see dat 'society makes 'strictions atween peoples who am engaged in different occupations? De lorrier, de rich man, de politician, and sufforth; and sufforth, am 'sidered 'spectable, werry 'spectable. Fashionable persons mus' 'sociate wid each odder. Dey ain't 'spected to stoop down to de level of heverybody. Nebber pull de ofashionable up to your own persition nor try to keep up dem who were one your equals but who had fallen. Ollers 'society wid fashionable, who am fashionable now."

"Well, I don't see 'cause why a gal happen to b'long to a poor man, dat she should 'ceive no 'tention howsomever."

"Dat it ease your eddication had been ob vulgar horder. Now you had been sold into a 'spectable family, you mus' conduct yourself as sich."

"But how can poor nigger tell fashionable colored women?"

"Ladies, Sambo, ladies; you mu's draw a 'stinction atween women and ladies. Dey am 'separated by a himpassable ditch. How can you tell a fashionable lady? Why, by de company she keeps! Dat's de invariable rule. And if you are ignorant of gentil' 'society, cut all bad dem who b'long to individuals wid whom master and missus 'sociates. Don't I speak your sentimentality ladies and gentlemen?"

"You hab dewined do extinction correspondently, Miss Dinah."

These ladies of the ton then changed the subject of conversation.

"Hallo there, how do you sell wood?"

"By de cord."

"Pshaw! how long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"How dumb! I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

"Go ahead engineer."

A clever caricature has lately appeared, respecting a young lady (at her piano forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue took place:

Lady: Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical?"

Gentleman: Vy, no, Miss; I ham not musical myself, but I ave a werry excellent snuff box vat is."

It would be very unfortunate if there were no other road to Heaven but thro' Hell. Yet this dangerous and impracticable road has been attempted by all those princes, potentates and statesmen, who have done evil, that good might come.

A Game of Brag.

"Talk about your darned fast lines," said a Yankee to a Cockney, who was so imprudent, in the natural way of his countrymen, to commence bragging on English railroads, while the couple were progressing at the rates of forty miles an hour on the Birmingham railway. "Why mister, this ere road is purty considerable for England, but it won't do 'Meriky. We ride a straddle o' telegraphs there, when we'er in a hurry, but when we ain't, we take the railroad. I was comin' from Philadelphia to New York, when I ses to a feller settin' by me—who on airth owns that big garden with white palins around it?"

"I don't see no white palins," ses he. "I don't see nothin' else," ses I, "and a mighty tall fence it is too."

"The feller burst out a laffin'—'why, you darned fool,' ses he, 'them's the telegraph poles.' And sure enough, when the engine feller stopped, I saw them posts a hundred feet apart, and we had been going so all-fired fast, they looked for all the world like white palins."

At this moment the bell rang at a signal station, before the Cockney had fully recovered from Jonathan's last dose.

"What's that bell ringin' for?" inquired the latter of his English friend.

"We are approachin' D—,"

"Well, them kind of bell flinx does for these ere slow cars but, we can't use them here contrivances in 'Meriky."

"Ah, why not?"

"Travel too fast—fact, beat sound all to smash. We would be smack through a village before the sound of a clapper was in the neighborhood."

"My heyes! is it possible!" exclaimed the astonished Cockney.

"Fact, again, by thunder! Why, I was was on the York ears when them ere steam whistles were first tried. Maybe you've heern of the terrible accident?"

"No."

"Well, sir, we were going it strong. Hurrycans were no whar—all natur seemed shakin' to pieces, when, several miles off, something was seen on the track. The whistle was let loose, and she did scream artfully, but it was no manner of use, for after tumbling over a span of smart horses, and a big market wagon, I was just rising from a pond, when along come the whistle holler, mixed up with some big cusses, I mind to have heern the engine man rip out when he first saw the wagon. But the poor feller was dead when his voice arrived. Fact got the documents."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the horror-stricken Cockney. "And do you use whistles yet?"

"Bless your soul, no. Congress stopped them right off, and now we act on the philosophic principles, that light travels an all-fired sight faster than sound, which will do, perhaps, for this generation. We now tell 'em we are cumin' by bursting out a light that astonishes all creation, and I reckon rather surprised the planetary system at first. When it was tried at night, the roosters on the road commenced crowing, and the chickens all got down from their roost, thinking it was daylight."

The ears suddenly stopped, when Jonathan, having arrived at the point of his destination, looked around at the astonished Cockney, nodded his head, and taking his carpet bag under one arm, and an umbrella under the other, took his leave as sober as a deacon.

A WOMAN'S DESERT.—The following illustrative idea of what a desert is in female mind is extracted from a novel entitled "Marriage."

Douglas saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her in his arms:

"Are you indeed so changed, my Julia, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed; but—I—I did not then know what a desert was: or at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing; "do tell me, love."

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give *debeauxes* and *fete champetres*."

Those who are the loudest in their threats, are the weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report; and again, if we consider the effect of lightning, it is probable that he that is killed by it, hears no noise; but the thunderclap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.

"Shall we take a 'bus up Broadway," said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city.

"O, dear, no!" said the frightened girl. "I would not do that in the street!"

An Auction Scene

Strolling through our city, we chanced into an auction room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was on the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard," was bid.

"I'll give you ten," says another.

"Going at ten! Going! gone. Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer.

"Going then, at eight! Who says more than eight?"

"Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite.

"Nine! nine! Who says ten? Going at nine! Going, gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cent."

"I didn't bid," said the gentleman. I don't want it; I wouldn't give five cents for the whole piece."

(Auctioneer getting mad.) "If any one bids again, they will have to take the article, or get into trouble." (Throwing down angrily the piece of calico.) Give me something else. Ah, gentlemen, here is a fine piece of *diaper*! What can I get for this? Anything you please."

"I'll start it at five."

"Ten," says another.

"Twelve-and-a-half," says a third.

"Thirteen," cries an old lady.

"Fourteen, fifteen," cried several voices.

"Fifteen, I am offered; fifteen—done at fifteen! can't dwell! going! *g-o-i-n-g*! gose! Yours, sir. Step up, whoever bid."

No one came; all eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Going, then, as fourteen! Yours, sir, walk up here."

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid. What do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction but no claimant stepped forward.

"Who says they'll take it at thirteen?"

"I do," said an old fat faced farmer.

"Well, sir, walk up and take it."

"I'm afraid it's stolen goods!" says the fat faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down, and was about to collar the old man, when a person right behind him cried.

"Don't strike him! I was me that said you stole them."

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog apparently right at his heels, snuffed andarked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance at an elbow, no longer able to control himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a gentle little man passed out at the door whom he told us was Blitz, the *ventriloquist*.—*Cin. Enquirer*.

A Fairy Wife.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained towards him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairy land to accept the lot of woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pagentry of a dream.

Before the year was over, he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. But every evening as he hastened back to her side, she felt the weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered on his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The business of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his sales of merchandise, she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising airy gaudies, with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of care. Life was abounding in her; she knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh; to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he use in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water-lily; to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetties—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these childlike gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh; because he said it.

She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of care, raised by busy hands was gradually

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shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance, and retired. When he came to her a sunset, he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft, beseeching eyes; but there was something in his eyes a remote look as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times, when he was absorbed in calculation, and throwing her arms around his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depth, would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being on one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him—she could not win his life; she could charm, she could not occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny day until at last it was night; night with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there, grieving and apparently absorbed in her there still came dim remembrances of care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of incomplete life! Not good enough, because her whole life was centred in one whose life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fully irradiated life.—The night was starless, and he alone.—*London Leader*.

Bar Fixing.

Say, entire stranger, would you like to know how I fix them bars in Arkansas. It's a caution to see me trap the tarnal creatures. I reckon there ain't much bar left in my part of the country, so I'm a point further West this fall, a drivin the damned animals afore me.

There was one bar as fell down dead when he heern my name, it had such effect on the brute's nervous system. I speckle that bar must have been the victim of an unfortunate attachment, or he never would have been so ungodly sentimental.

This was how I fixed it.

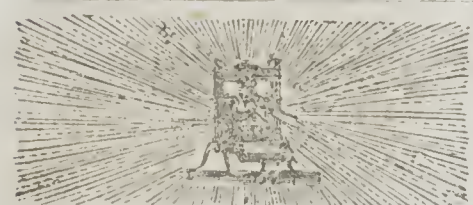
I got an old cask—a big 'un. I swapped a pig for it to Irish Billy. I calculate that pig warrn't a very long lived 'un. He swallowed a boat, with an iron rim, and all the hobnails in it, and got an indigestion. Howsomever that ain't neither her nor thar.

I got the cask and some bits of iron, and I fixed it nicely with spikes all around so that any bar could get into it, but all the bar in creation could not get out when they was once mabbed in it. I used 'em gin at the unfortunate animals through a hole in the tub's bottom, and in they cum with a rush, and I had nothing to do, but to walk round and stick 'em in the spined marrow, which is a settler for most beasts and beastesses in this world, I take it.

Talk of a tale of a tub, I could tell tales of that 'ere cask till the clock was used up, and the stars wanted more burnin fluid!—*N. Y. Pack*.

ANECDOTE—A FACT.—A young man was seen to enter a church in the time of service. He paused at the entrance, the congregation started, he advanced a few steps, and deliberately surveying the whole assembly, commenced a slow march up the broad aisle—not a pew was opened—the audience were too busy for civility—he wheeled, and in the same manner performed a march, stepping as if to Rossin Castle, in the dead march of Saul, and disappeared. A few minutes after, he re-entered with a large block upon his shoulder, as much as he could well stagger under; his countenance immovable. Again the good people stared, and half rose from their seats, with their books in their hands. At length he placed the block in the very centre of the principal passage, and seated himself upon it.—Then for the first time the reproach was felt. Every pew door in the house was instantly thrown open. But no, the stranger was a gentleman—he came not there for disturbance—he moved not, smiled not; but preserved the utmost decorum until the service was concluded; when he deliberately shouldered his block, and to the same slow stop, bore it off, and replaced it where he had found it. The congregation is now the most attentive and polite to strangers of any in America!—*Balt. Paper*.





LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Oct. 27, 1852

## Remember;

That from and after the 30th of Sept. that the *Lebanon Post* can be sent to any post office in this county free of postage; and to any post office in the State at the low rate of 3¢ per quarter, or 13 cents the year. Now who will not subscribe to their own paper?

Come up and subscribe for the *Post*, and get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. We have not near got a living list yet. Remember, also, that we propose to send it to clubs of 10 for \$15, or \$1.50 to each subscriber; or to clubs of 20 for \$25, or \$1.25 to each subscriber. Clubs must be paid for in advance. We make no boasts about our paper, but we are willing to let it sink or swim on its own merits or demerits. If you do not like our paper do not take it, but do not say: "I like the paper very well, and would be very glad to see it continue," and then turn right around and borrow your neighbor's paper.

We have discovered a vast amount of indigent poverty, since our sojourn in this county; men who no one would suspect of being "hard run;" who, in fact are reputed wealthy; and yet, astonishing to relate, they are not able to take their own paper! We would go in to levy a penny tax to support such men.

## The Barbecue.

On last Saturday, there was a Whig Barbecue in this place. There was a pretty large crowd in attendance, and there was the most quiet and excellent order maintained throughout the entire time. An abundance even to superfluity, of the best and well cooked victuals provided; and every one present done ample justice to them. The ladies too, graced the ground with their presence in goodly numbers, which added no little to the pleasure of the occasion.

After every one had ate to repletion, they assembled in front of the platform, and were addressed by the Hon. C. S. MORRISON, Whig Elector for the State at Large, in behalf of the claims of Gen. Scott, to the Presidency. The Hon. gentleman is a smooth, efficient, forcible and eloquent speaker, and held his audience enchained for over two hours. His description of Gen. Scott's military career was peculiarly eloquent.

The crowd, although large, was not so great, as it would have been, we presume, on account of the panic which has existed in reference to the cholera being in the Eastern part of the county.

## The Pole Raising.

On last Monday, there was a fine PIERCE and KING Pole raised in this place. The length of the pole above ground, is 128 feet. At the extreme top, there floats a very pretty streamer, made of red, white and blue silk, by the Miss S's, and Mrs. K., for which we are requested to tender the thanks of the Democracy of Marion county. At half past eleven o'clock, all things having been made ready, with "a long pull and a strong pull, and all pull together," the pole arose majestically into an upright position. Owing to some of the ropes breaking, there was some fears expressed of its falling. When it reached the perpendicular, Messrs. STARKS, MILLER and SPEARS, performed a very handsome air on two brass instruments and the bass drum. These gentlemen reside in Springfield, and volunteered their services, for the occasion, and for which, we are authorized to tender the thanks of the Democracy.

At 1 o'clock a splendid Pierce and King flag was run up, and its ample folds given to the breeze. When it started up the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

After dinner the crowd assembled in the Court House yard, and were very eloquently addressed by Gen. PUEMANN. The General's speech was very forcible, entertaining, and argumentative—that is as much of it as we could find time to hear. There were a number of the fairer portion of creation present, both at the pole raising and at the speech.

At early candle light, Col. C. SMEDLEY addressed a large audience, in the Court House in behalf of the claims of General Pierce. Not being able to hear the gentleman, we can say nothing as to the merits or demerits of his effort.

Editorial Summary is at hand.

We see that several of our exchanges are letting down on our County Court, about their refusing to issue a writ of election, for the people to say, by their votes, and according to the prerogative granted to them by their new Constitution, whether they would tax themselves to build a rail road. That is right pass them around, for it may be their last chance to get notoriety. We understand that Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, makes a small portion of political capital out of it. He has been misinformed, for there were Whigs as well as Democrats upon the bench. But we cannot expect anything else from a political editor just at this time, be he Whig or Democrat. Both parties are catching at everything.

The vote was taken in Taylor Co. on Saturday last, upon the rail road tax. We understand that the tax was carried by a majority of some 250 votes. Huzzah for Taylor. Will this county follow suit, when she gets a chance?

We hear that there will be another petition presented to the County Court of this county praying it to issue a writ of election, on the Rail Road Tax. We feel confident that there will be a large majority of the voters of this County, who will cast their votes for the tax. We understand that the vote will be taken exclusively for the LOUISVILLE AND LEBANON RAILROAD and not for both of the routes in contemplation.

The petition will be presented on next Monday, it being the regular County Court day. We wish this petition better luck than befel its predecessor.

Mrs. CHANDLER sent us a fine large sweet potato, on last week, weighing 34 pounds. We thank her for the present and admire its dimensions.

Another—Mr. Bowman, on seeing the above potato: sent us another, weighing 34 pounds. It is very ungallant of Mr. B. to get ahead of the ladies; but, we presume, he thinks it fair.

Huzzah for Marion County! it can beat any other, for fair ladies, large vegetables, tough beef and tougher Justices of the Peace.

There will be a large pole raised by the Whigs of this county, on next Saturday the 30th of this month, in Lebanon. A full attendance is desired to "pull at the ropes."

In our advertising column will be seen the advertisement of Mr. F. LAWREY. He has brought to our place, from time to time, some of the most beautiful as well as well made Carriages as we have ever seen. He has sold carriages to the gentlemen cited as reference, and his work has given entire satisfaction. Those who wish to purchase carriages or bargains would do well to give Mr. L. a call, as he sells on reasonable terms. He is now in town.

Mr. WM. ARIN was in our town on last Saturday, and in the evening, he gave an exhibition of his Trioptric, or dissolving views. We were very much entertained by the exhibition. Mr. A., in his travels around the State, came across a natural curiosity in the form of a young and ignorant lad, in Russell County, who is a natural mathematician! The boy is but eight years of age and scarcely knows one letter from another, and who does not know one figure from another, and yet is a very expert arithmetician. We tried him in private and in public, and found him wonderfully quick. For instance, we asked him how much was 44 times 55, and before we could jot down the figures, he looked up and answered "Twenty-four hundred and twenty." We merely give this as an example, to show his wonderful and unaccountable power. The name of the boy is V. B. Stanton, and his parents are poor and obscure people, now living in Russell county. He appears a very dull in every other thing but calculating.

We have received the November number of *Godey's Lady's Book*. It is a handsome number, and rather out of Godey's Godey.

Graham's Magazine for November has come to hand, and is, as usual a splendid number.

Blackwoods Magazine for October, lies before us. It contains its usual amount of excellent matter.

The present number, completes six months of the first volume of the *Post*. We have given fair and timely warning to those who have not paid their subscription, so that those who now have to pay \$2.50, cannot have cause to grumble. By paying up shortly they can save themselves the trouble of paying \$3.

The 4th of November next is the one hundredth anniversary of the initiation of George Washington into the order of Free Masons.

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

## ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.

The Europa with Liverpool dates to Oct. 9th has arrived.

Sir Ballie Hamilton has been appointed Governor to Newfoundland.

The board of trade returns of Sept. 5th, are favorable for English exports.

Bishop Tanny, of Scotland, is dead.

Jenny Lind, it is said, intends residing at Dresden.

A story is afloat that a young man has been selected by a Secret Society to assassinate Louis Napoleon.

Louis M. Brouchere has undertaken to form the Belgium Ministry.

The Zollverein delegates have departed from Berlin.

Negotiations with Prussia have been broken off.

Some thieves set fire to the Jewish Synagogue at Colnea Gallicia during the festival, for the purpose of robbing. In the confusion 36 ladies, several of high rank, were crushed to death.

The Sultan, of Turkey, is lying dangerously ill.

An attempt was made to kill Shah, of Prussia, who was wounded by three shots.

Two of the assassins were cut to pieces by the guard, and two captured.

News from the Cape of Good Hope to August 20th.

The skirmishing there continues.

Prince Albert of the Sir Franklin expedition, had arrived at Aberdeen on the 6th ult.

She brings news of Franklin.

The Albert wintered in Baffin's Bay; searched Prince Regent's Inlet, and her consort passed up Wellington channel, which was open.

The Albert left August 24.

The Europa passed the Niagara on the 10th, and the Pacific on the 11th.

Wm. H. Cammock, of New Orleans, died on board.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21.

The steamer Princeton drops down tomorrow for Annapolis where the vessels destined for the Japan expedition are to assemble.

SANDUSKY, Oct. 21.

Yesterday, a number of fugitive slaves arrived from Kentucky and were taken to the steamer Aaron. When the boat was about to leave they were arrested by some slave catchers who attempted to take them to shore but were prevented by a crowd of whites and blacks. After a sharp struggle they were released and they are now on their way to Canada. The Kentuckians console themselves with the idea that the citizens are responsible.

HALIFAX, Oct. 20.

Accounts from Prince Edwards Island speak of tremendous gales there, which have destroyed and wrecked twelve vessels at anchor; all hands were lost.

A letter in the Sun says that nearly all the Nova Scotia fishermen at Sidney are detained by the steamer Devastation for alleged informality in their papers, and that they will be fired into if they attempt to leave.

BOSTON, Oct. 22.

Edward Everett received a letter to-day from Webster's private secretary, stating that all hope of Webster's recovery is gone. He is no expected to live many hours. Gen. T. Curtis has returned from Mansfield this A. M. and confirms the same report.

BOSTON, Oct. 22, P. M.

On Sunday Mr. Webster was considered by his physician not in any immediate danger, and there was a probability of his being able to resume public duties in a few days, but before evening his disorder, which is of the bowels, took an inflamed turn, when he continued to grow worse until yesterday, when Dr. Jeffries became alarmed. Webster's wife and son are with him.

Dr. Warren left here for Marshfield this morning. The distinguished Statesman is fully aware of his danger, and his intellect is unclouded.—He is able to converse freely.

A special meeting of the Webster State executive committee was held early this morning, when it was resolved in compliance with the wishes of Webster's family and friends, that all political action be suspended for the present. During last night Mr. Webster was very sick, but at 4 o'clock this morning, when the messenger left Marshfield he was asleep. Yesterday he prepared a bundle of documents to be forwarded to Washington.

## LATER FROM HAVANA.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 21.

The Empire City arrived with dates to the 18th from Havana.

Private letters say there is much excitement existing, and that stranger visiting Cuba are closely watched. Several have been arrested for having New Orleans papers in their possession.

The Government is preparing a document complaining of the proceedings of the Crescent City, which will be sent to Washington.

The Captain General still refuses to accept the resignation of Secretary Geliano. The market here is heavy; mess pork \$16 75a\$17 00; bacon sides \$3, with few buyers.

Arrived—Fanny Smith, Altek Scott, Delaware and L. M. Kipmett.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 22, P. M.

George Zimmerman was stabbed to the heart this evening by Edward Swan, a hack driver, in revenge for a brutal assault upon him a year ago by Zimmerman.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.

The city wharf with ten granite stores was sold to-day at auction for \$411,000 to Josiah Quincy, Jr.

The coalition Democrats and Free-soilers have united on a senatorial ticket in Middlesex county. On national matters they stand on the platform while coalescing on the State ticket.

The Democrats of the 4th district nominated for Congress Chas. Chase Ewell, editor of the Boston Times.

The Free-soilers of the same district nominated for Congress Jno. A. Bolls, and in the 7th district Chas. F. Adams, son of John Quincy Adams.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 18.

The recent gales have destroyed a great amount of property.

The light-house keeper's dwelling at Breakwater was washed away, and not a boat left on the beach.

Wakulla bridge railroad building was destroyed, and the track washed up for half a mile.

The gales have had the most disastrous effect upon the cotton crop; not one bale to ten acres will be obtained.

Large numbers of turpentine trees have been destroyed.

At Tallahassee, every store between the capitol and the court house was damaged and the road blocked up with falling timber.

The gale was equally severe at Apalachicola.

A pilot-boat was lost at Cyprus Bank, and the captain and two men drowned.

The steamer Palmetto was totally wrecked.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.

Judge Grier, of the United States circuit Court, in the case of heirs of Stephen Girard, city of Philadelphia, charged the jury yesterday in favor of the heirs who claim eleven tracks of land in Schuylkill county, valued at \$110,000; that when Girard's will was made he did not own the entire title to the land, and therefore the will was inoperative. The jury rendered a verdict for the heirs. The case will probably go to the supreme court.

A committee of the citizens of Philadelphia met Gen. Scott at Tacony, at 11 A. M., and escorted him to the city. He will land at Southwark.—Salutes are being fired as the escort and cavalcade moves along to his quarters at the Girard House.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 25, P. M.

Stephen B. Ross of Lexington, Mo., arrived at Independence on the 7th from Utah and the Salt Lake. At the city activity prevailed in every department in trade.

The emigrants generally arrived in good health, and had given a great impetus to business.

The crops are abundant besides there being a large surplus.

Brigham Young's administration gives great satisfaction to the people.

In local politics there is almost a dead calm.

Vast numbers of Indians are about Fort Laramie awaiting the arrival of Maj. Fitzpatrick, whose delay caused great dissatisfaction among the Indians.

The goods arrived at the Fort several weeks since.

Large numbers of Snakes, Flat Heads and other tribes are assembled, expecting presents from the United States.

The Snakes have made a treaty with the Zampians, and after the treaty, during a Buffalo hunt, fell in with a band of Cayennes and killed some of them.

The Snakes and other tribes sent out an ambassador to Walker, Chief of the Utahs to make a treaty of peace.

The Ross party experienced no molestation with Indians during the trip.

Phelp's train with the Secretary of the Treasury was met getting along very well.

Reed and Judge Shaffer were met near Little Blue.

The Mormons are building a dense city at Salt Lake. Their tabernacle is finished.

At Fort Keuney it was learned that a war party of Pawnees was out against the Sioux in the Salt Lake Valley settlement which was extending in every direction.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 22.

A bloody affray occurred to-day. Geo. Zimmerman, a notorious pugilist, and Hugh Stone, a hack driver, had agreed to meet for the purpose of settling difficulties between them. The parties accompanied by numerous friends, met, but owing to the difficulties of arranging the details, Stone refused to fight. Zimmerman attacked when all hands drew pistols and knives. At this juncture Stone's brother Edward, drove up and seeing the perilous situation of his brother, jumped from his hack, drew a knife and stabbed Zimmerman to the heart, and wounding in the stomach a man named Muckley. Edward Stone then fled, but was soon arrested. Muckley is reported dying.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF DANIEL WEBSTER. At noon yesterday the telegraph advised of the serious illness of Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, and stated the probability that he could not survive during the day. Last night the report stated he was better, and we indulge a strong hope that this great man will be longer spared to his country. It will be observed that in obedience to the wishes of Mr. Webster and his relatives, his friends in Massachusetts have withdrawn his name from all connection with the Presidential election.

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We ask particular attention to the following:—  
(From the Louisville Courier.)

## Washington Monument.

Several plans have been suggested, and some of them partially acted on, to raise funds for the purpose of constructing a great National Monument to the memory of Washington, the Father of his Country. But with all the efforts that have been made, this massive structure now in process of erection at the National Capitol, still lingers in its upward progress, from the want of means necessary to prosecute the work with vigor and success.

Now, by means of the following simple scheme, if generally adopted and carried out in good faith, it is confidently believed that an amount of funds adequate to complete the Monument, may be secured in a single day.

Let the judges of elections on the second day of November next, provide, at the respective polls throughout the United States, a contribution box inscribed "Monument Fund," in which each voter be requested to deposit a dime, (or whatever sum he may choose) as a free-will offering towards completing this noble shaft pointing to heaven in lasting remembrance, alike of the illustrious dead, and of the gratitude of a free and independent people.

To demonstrate the happy result of the foregoing suggestions, if duly attended to in every portion of the Union, it is sufficient to state the fact, that there are upwards of three millions of voters in the United States, which at a dime a head will yield, in round numbers, the handsome sum of three hundred thousand dollars—a sum, deemed amply sufficient to place the cap stone on this magnificent column—this ennobling monument of a nation's gratitude to the nation's most illustrious benefactor. COLUMBIA.

We regret to learn that Col. Heady died on Monday last, at his residence in Spencer county. He is well known in this State, and has held important stations of public trust.

## Commercial.

## LOUISVILLE MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE COURIER  
Friday Evening, Oct. 22, 1852.  
CHEESE—Small sales at 7½ for Western.

FEATHERS—Good lots for shipment command 34½c from stores.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—We quote a sale of Indiana Flour at the wharf at \$3.30; and a sale of extra at \$3.50. Small sales from stores at \$3.40@3.55, as to quality. Corn at the wharf at 45c, and sales from stores at 50c. Oats 25@27c. Barley 40c.

GROCERIES—Sales of 30 bags Rio Coffee at 92¢@93¢. Sugar rather dull with a sale of 10 hds at 5½c and 15 hds at 5½c.

PROVISIONS—No receipts of Bacon. Retail sales from stores at 7½c@7½c for Shoulders, 84¢@9c. for clear sides, and 10½c@12½c for sugar cured Hams.

TOBACCO—The break to-day was the largest of the week, but mostly inferior, with sales of 50 hds at \$3.85@4.00 for lugs, and \$4.10@4.25 for the residue. Our small hds sold at \$3.55.

WHISKEY—Sales of 108 bbls of raw at the wharf at 16½@16½c—an advance.

## New Advertisements.

## CARRIAGES!!

F. LAWREY

TAKES this method of informing the citizen\* of Marion county, that he will visit Lebanon at least once in every month and some times oftener. He will always be prepared to furnish CARRAGES, BUGGIES, ROCKAWAYS, &c., of the very latest and most fashionable patterns at Louisville prices.

I am always ready to exchange new carriages for second hand upon terms.

My manufactory is at Louisville on the corner of Main and Preston where I will always be glad to receive orders or visits from the citizens of this neighborhood.

REFERENCE.—J. H. Kirk, J. P. Reed, S. Purdy, Geo. Phillips and J. T. Jarboe.

Oct. 27th—6m\*

Come all ye sinners shivering and shaking, hungry and thirsty, the cakes are a baking.

Gen. Scott again in the Field.

H. JOHNSTON,

HAS JUST RECEIVED a large and splendid assortment of Cooking and common Heating

## STOVES

of the latest and most improved patterns, and will call the particular attention of the public to his large heavy premium cooking stoves, made especially for the country.

All kinds of Tin ware on hand, together with my usual variety of notions, and every kind of article that is needed in the cooking line.

Oct. 20th 1852.

## GREAT BARGAIN!!

Valuable

## FARM

## For Sale.

I OFFER for sale my farm, in Hardin county, Ky.; situated about five miles south of Elizabethtown; one fourth mile of the Turnpike road, and about half a mile of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Said farm contains

500 Acres

Of first rate Bottom and "Up" Land; well improved, with a good dwelling and necessary out-houses. Said land is in a fine state of cultivation; well timbered; well supplied with never-failing Springs, of as good water as there is in the State.—Also, well adapted to raising stock and any kind of grain a man could wish. Being surrounded by good Merchant Mills, and in a neighborhood of good Society, renders it more desirable.

I will sell from two to five hundred acres, to suit the purchaser. For further particulars, call on the subscriber, on the premises.

Oct. 12, 1852. BENJ. G. YAGER.

A LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Lebanon on the first of October, 1852. If not taken out in three weeks will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters. Please ask for advertised letters.

Adams Miss M Ann	Lee N M
Abell Joshua	Longwood Edward
Allen Jane C	Low Elizabeth E
Bardett John	McAtee Richd
Brushaw Claburn	Maxwell Styles
Bell James	Marples J C
Bland John	McAtee Richd
Basham Miss Annie	McConnell John M
Barks Mrs Jano L	Moseley Saml H
Bray O S	Miles Joseph
Bush D K	Madd Jas A
Bright Tracy	Mecca George
Baily E B	Martin Wm L
Bates Jno	Maron Burgess
Boyle M J	Mudd G B
Board Robt	Mattley Lewis
Cochran Sarah E	Miller Francis
Cook Tho	McElroy Wm E
Castillo M	McElroy Harvey
Clayburn C Weaver	Miller E
Cochran Miss Ann E	McAnuley John
Crimme Wm	Nelson Miss Mary
Doherty John	Obray Messrs R & Co
Dryfoot L	Porter Doctor J
Dority James	Porter C A
Dorsey Miss	Penick Bluford
Edwards Mrs M I	Purdy Stephen
Edmonson Wilson	Penick B N
Edwards Mrs M I	Purdy E C
Edgar Andrew	Purley Messrs I
Eggen John	Purdy Miss E
Edlin Mrs Susan	Ridge Isaac
Edwards Mrs M I	Rowntree R H
Foreman Doctor	Rollins Clelan
Fanner William</	







## Original Poetry.

**For the Lebanon Post.**  
**Nothing Sure but Heaven.**  
 This earth is changing every day,  
 Its solid structures melting away,  
 Its yielding masses glide and flow.  
 From mountains to the waves below;  
 There's nothing firm but Heaven.  
 The flowery carpet of the spring,  
 So bright and gay—a charming thing;  
 In summers sun with beaming ray,  
 Will fade and wither in a day;  
 There's nothing bright but Heaven.  
 The starry skies above our head,  
 Alike, are to destruction wed;  
 The sun will fade, the stars decay,  
 And time, and nature pass away.  
 There'll nothing last but Heaven.  
 Then, O, my soul! arise and see,  
 These glittering things, how false they be,  
 Thine own immortal life make sure;  
 Obey thy God, and heaven secure;  
 That firm, bright, lasting Heaven.  
 Bridgeport, Oct. 1852. WILMINGTON.

## Miscellaneous.

**Practicing for the Voyage.**  
 A short time since, some gentlemen  
 cruising on a part of the Irish coast, ob-  
 serving that about the same hour every  
 day, a boat, containing two men and a  
 woman, took its passengers from the shore  
 and after a short time returned with them  
 inquired the reason for this early excursion.  
 "My man," said he, "what makes you  
 come here every day? Is it that you like  
 it?"  
 "Oh, your honors not all," was the reply  
 "but faith, your honors, me wife and me's  
 going out to Australia, and so we are just  
 practicing the say-sickness, that we may  
 be use to it when we start."  
 "Well do you find yourself improv-  
 ing?"  
 "Ah, sure, your honors, me wife's sick  
 ever day, but she's getting on purtly any  
 how."  
 So the worthy couple were left to  
 qualify themselves for emigration by prac-  
 ticing the say-sickness.  
 A newly imported Irishman was stand-  
 ing with his hook under his arm, at a shop-  
 window in Glasgow. The shopkeeper ac-  
 costs him thus:  
 "Well Pat, what do you want in my  
 line to-day?"  
 "What you have not got to give me,"  
 rejoins the Irishman.  
 "I will wagger a shilling I have what  
 suits you?"  
 The latter, pulling a shilling from his  
 pocket, replies, "Its done. I want a  
 sheath for my hook."  
 To poor Pat's astonishment and morti-  
 fication the sheath was produced. Away  
 he went to the harvest, however, leaving  
 the shilling with the shopkeeper. But  
 not to be beat he called on his way home,  
 and in the presence of a witness thus ad-  
 dressed him:  
 "What will you take for as much twist  
 tobacco as will reach from one of my ears  
 to the other?"  
 "A penny," was the reply.  
 This being agreed to, the grocer cut off  
 about a foot of twist tobacco, and was  
 about to apply its extremities to Pat's  
 ears, when the latter pointing his finger  
 upward exultingly exclaimed:  
 "There is one ear, but the other is nail-  
 ed to the back of the goal door in Dublin.  
 The duped grocer was obliged to give his  
 ingenious antagonist forty pounds of to-  
 bacco before he could get quit of him.  
 "When you go out to drown yourself,  
 always pull off your clothes; they may fit  
 your husband's second wife."  
 That a profound remark; Solomon's  
 about somewhere! When a widower mar-  
 ries, don't he take the Iran new Kidder-  
 minister carpet (that "Eliza" was so choice  
 of) to floor the attic? and is Brussels or  
 Tapistry ever found too good for No. 22?  
 "Fit the second wife!" Aint her old  
 trunk bro't down some rainy day and dis-  
 embowelled to make dolls' dresses for lit-  
 tle visitors? Don't her brooches and fin-  
 ger-rings sparkle on the hands of the cock  
 and chambermaid? Isn't her dagger-rep-  
 ertype in the shoe-drawer in the closet?  
 Don't her parasol shade the ebony face  
 of her weekly washerwoman? Don't  
 her old letters make excellent "kindling"  
 for the fire, after they have been perused  
 by the servants? Don't the old beggar  
 woman get the "cold shoulder," instead of  
 "cold victuals," when she grows garrulous  
 about her "dear deceased missus?" Was-  
 n't the latter a "harmless, amiable, good  
 little woman in her way, but cold in her  
 temperance, and afflicted with the neu-  
 ralgia?" and don't the rejuvenized wil-  
 dower (as he says this) look unutterable  
 things at the rosy-cheeked, buxum young  
 damsel at his side, who is secretly won-  
 dering whether that's the way she shall be  
 served up to No. 3!  
 Fanny Fern.  
**CHOLERA.**—There was another outbreak  
 of cholera last Saturday night. There  
 have been five deaths since the last num-  
 ber of our paper was issued, making in  
 all thirteen from the first breaking out of  
 the disease. There have been no new  
 cases very lately, and we trust the scourge  
 has taken its final departure.  
 Bardstown Herald.  
**SOMETHING NEW.**—The county court of  
 Marion county, in this State, have refused  
 the citizens of the county the privilege of  
 voting for or against the Railroad tax!  
 This is something new and novel.  
 Lou. Cour. 16th.  
 If men praise your efforts, suspect their  
 judgment; if they censure them, your  
 own.

## Be Forgiving.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he  
 who taketh a city."  
 "Come here sir!" said a strong, athletic  
 man, as he seized a delicate looking lad  
 by the shoulder. "You've been in the  
 water again, sir! Haven't I forbidden it?"  
 "Yes, father, but—"  
 "No 'buts'! Haven't I forbidden it—  
 hey?"  
 "Yes, sir. I was—"  
 "No reply, sir!" And the blows fell  
 like a hail-storm about the child's head  
 and shoulders.  
 Not a tear started from Harry's eye,  
 his face was deadly pale, and his lips  
 firmly compressed, as he rose and looked  
 at his father with an unflinching eye.  
 "Go to your room, sir, and stay there  
 till you are sent for! I'll master that  
 spirit of yours before you are many days  
 older!"  
 Ten minutes after, Harry's door open-  
 ed, and his mother glided gently in. She  
 was a fragile delicate woman, with mourn-  
 ful blue eyes, and temples startingly trans-  
 parent. Laying her hand softly upon Har-  
 ry's head, she stooped and kissed his fore-  
 head.  
 The rock was toughed, and the waters  
 gushed forth.  
 "Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.  
 "Why didn't you tell your father that  
 you plunged into the water to save the  
 life of your playmate?"  
 "Did he give me a chance?" said Har-  
 ry, springing to his feet, with a flashing  
 eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent,  
 when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a  
 tyrant to you and to me!"  
 "Harry, he's my husband and your fa-  
 ther!"  
 "Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have  
 I ever had but blows and harsh words?  
 Look at your pale cheeks and sunken  
 eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say; he's a  
 tyrant mother," said the boy, with a  
 clenched fist and set teeth, "and if it were  
 not for you, I would have been leagues  
 off long ago. And there's Nellie, too,  
 poor, sick child! What good will all her  
 medicine do her? She trembles like a  
 leaf when she hears his footstep. I say,  
 'tis brutal, mother!"  
 "Harry!" (and a soft hand was laid on  
 the boy's impetuous lips) "for my sake—"  
 "Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours  
 and poor Nellie's—or I should be on the  
 sea somewhere—anywhere but here!"  
 Late that night Mary Lee stole to her  
 boy's bedside, before retiring to rest.  
 "God be thanked, he sleeps," she mur-  
 mured as she shaded her lamp from his  
 face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she  
 prayed for patience and wisdom to bear  
 uncomplainingly the heavy cross under  
 which her steps were faltering; and then  
 she prayed for him.  
 "No, no, not that!" said Harry, spring-  
 ing from his pillow, and throwing his  
 arms about her neck; "I can forgive him  
 what he has done to me, but I never will  
 pray for what he has made you suffer; don't  
 pray for him, at least don't let me hear  
 it!"  
 Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate.  
 She knew her boy was spirit-sore under  
 the sense of recent injustice; so she laid  
 down beside him, and resting her tearful  
 cheek against his, repeated in a low,  
 sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion.  
 "Father, forgive them, they know not  
 what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear.  
 He yielded to the holy spell.  
 "I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are  
 an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it  
 will be your hand that has led me there!"  
 There was a hurrying to and fro in Robert  
 Lee's house, that night. It was a  
 heavy hand that dealt those angry blows  
 on that young head.  
 The passionate father's repentance came  
 too late—came with the word that his  
 boy must die!  
 "Be kind to her," said Harry, as his  
 head drooped on his mother's shoulder.  
 It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside  
 that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed  
 his marriage vow; and now, when the hot  
 blood of anger rises to his temples, and  
 the hasty word springs to his lip, the pale  
 face of the dead rises up between him and  
 the offender, and an angel voice whispers—  
 "PEACE! BE STILL!"—Boston Olive B.  
**Tobacco.**—Yesterday morning we had  
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 a little like fall of the year. Though the  
 tobacco crop was planted late, it was all  
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 were fearful it might come on them un-  
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 by many that the crops of tobacco  
 would be nearly a failure, but the season-  
 able weather since the middle of August  
 has been so opportune that an average  
 crop has been raised. We have heard  
 some farmers pronounce this year's crop  
 the best they ever grew though not so  
 heavy, yet of a remarkable fine texture.  
 Hopkinsville Rifle.  
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 vails in California, and has lasted several  
 months.—Our exchange papers come to us  
 of all sorts of strange material, some of it  
 mere brown wrapping paper.  
 Lou. Dem.  
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 amount of capital stock required by the  
 charter of this institution to authorize it to  
 commence banking operations having been  
 paid in, Gov. Powell, in accordance with  
 the provisions of the charter of said bank  
 has issued his proclamation authorizing  
 said bank to commence business as bank-  
 ing institution.—Frankfort Yeoman.  
**FOOLISH.**—Young men who think that  
 drinking gin, and wearing their collars  
 standing, will enable them to "chate their  
 fellow creatures," as Byron did.

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 amounts to \$100,000,000,000. It would  
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